Mineral Baths--Bursa, Turkey

Steam lifts to the rotunda, its running
arabesques round windows thick and old,
aswarm with aureoles.

Down here the wary men soon draw
apart, spurning the vision-

ary for constraint. Their wives,
within their separate rooms,
play fast and loose

with luminosity,
stream in flesh

inseparable
from air.

Paradise may be a place
we never know

where things leave off.
I know a moment swims in

sight, those misted baths in Bursa
where Woman flows
as light.